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Office Seduction

an erotic romance short

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Off%ice Seduction

Chapter 1

Allison Sanders had zero tolerance for office romance. She'd managed to last six months in the financial consulting firm without falling into any of the clutches of the many well-known Casanovas. Considering she'd been prime target since the day she arrived, it was a wonder she hadn't succumbed after the many months of pursuit.

She'd managed to hold on to her common sense no matter the temptations. Hey, she was a single, young female, not bad looking at all and with normal needs like any woman. But somehow, she'd managed to act with decorum and kept things simple between her and her male colleagues. But that was before Brand.

Brand Wilcox, the latest addition to her boss's highly driven team of finance experts. He was supposed to be some whiz sent from head office to get things shaped up with the new accounts the company was handling. From the day he arrived, she'd had that sinking feeling that she'd finally met her nemesis, so to speak.

Allison had never really believed in "types". She had eclectic tastes in men and had dated guys who'd appealed to her on different levels of attraction. For example, her friends never understood how she could have dated the indolent Hank for six months. Hank had been sort of like a struggling songwriter who

never really got down to writing many songs. But she'd liked him; he'd made her laugh and she'd felt so at ease around him, with his carefree take on life. Then there had been Olsen, whom her pals hadn't liked at all. Around them he was stiff and uncommunicative, but behind closed doors, he shed his ice-prince persona and blew her mind with his bedroom skills. She'd met him at a business convention, and they'd been together for almost a year. She'd been sorry when it had ended, but he'd had to move to another state for work and anyway, their relationship had reached his peak.

So she was single and kind of whimsy when gorgeous Brand Wilcox appeared on the scene. He was one of those guys with effortless athletic good looks that couldn't be concealed even in severe dark suits. He had thick dark brown hair and piercing green eyes. More than half the girls at the office already had a thing for him. The other half were married but she'd heard even a few of them say how they'd go pants-down with him in a heartbeat. This was the kind of effect he had on sensible, normal women.

And to think of her, sensible and normal yes, but chaste for far too long… well, she didn't stand a chance. Being the boss's personal assistant meant she had loads of ample opportunity to come in contact with Brand. She liked to tell herself he might have noticed her beyond the level of co-worker. He couldn't be more than a few years older, and the few times they got talking, he told her they had a few things in common. But would he ever make a move? Allison figured she was feeling too cocky, thanks to being used to getting hit on by the other guys at work. But Brand seemed far from the type to be making an ass of himself over some chick at work. Or maybe he already had a girlfriend?

That had to be it, she thought and she tried not to allow too much of a sinking feeling to settle in her stomach.

Chapter 2

Allison prepared for the top-level meeting with little enthusiasm. The news that her best friend Sarah was finally going to marry had not been the high point of her morning. She was happy for her, of course, but she was still single and they had always imagined being married at the same time and having their kids growing up together. She wondered who she would be paired with and she hoped it wasn't that relative of Sarah's who never stopped bugging her when he was around. Well, at least they can make a day of going out and finding a nice wedding dress for...

"Allison? Did you hear what I said?"

She snapped to attention at the sound of her name, and found herself in the boardroom, with everyone staring at her and her boss with a quizzical look on his face. The meeting had begun fifteen minutes ago but it could have been happening on another time zone for all the attention she'd paid to it so far.

"I'm sorry Mr. Mallory, I didn't get your last statement," she said, quickly gathering herself and switching back into efficient mode. Her boss repeated what he'd been saying earlier, a disapproving frown crossing his face as the meeting continued.

For some reason, Allison felt the urge to turn her head to her side, and came eye to eye with Brand's thoughtful, penetrating stare. How long had he been looking at her, she wondered, as she sent him a quick smile before returning her focus to her boss. Great; just what she needed. To look like a twit in front of everyone, especially the one person she wanted to make a good impression on.

Thankfully, the meeting was brief and she could get back to her desk. She went through her tasks with none of the gusto she normally applied. She loved her job but she just wasn't in love with her life at the moment. She was in her mid-twenties, successful and climbing, but her personal life, she had to admit, was far from a wining situation.

I need to do something really wild and exciting, she told herself firmly, stacking the papers on her desk as the time inched closer to closing hours. Allison decided she needed something to get her mind over her troubles. Maybe it was high time she got laid. She suddenly began to nurse the idea of going out with a couple of her friends to the club or a bar, and maybe getting

lucky. Nothing like some random, no-strings-attached sex to set the blood pumping through her veins and have her world looking brighter again.

Allison had never been too accustomed to casual sex and one-night stands, but heck, it was a lot better than getting involved with some dumbo and pretend to be dating him when all she wanted was a hard cock in her pussy when she required it. Men didn't know that women liked sex without the commitment tags, too. Men weren't the only type to enjoy sex for the sake of it, without wanting to be attached to the partner providing it. Even girls needed fuck buddies – buddies who would just disappear when they weren't needed, till the time came again. Now where could Allison find such a candidate?

"Allison?"

The sound of her name in that voice sent her whole body into high-powered-buzzing mode. She looked up from her desk to find Brand standing there. She blinked, and then couldn't help the pleased smile from spreading across her face. He seemed to do a double take at the sight of her smile, his eyes narrowing and darkening with a strange, fleeting expression.

"Why, hello, Brand. Did you want anything?"

"No, I just finished having a talk with the boss, and decided to stop by your desk for a minute. Are you okay?" he asked, and the concern in his tone almost made her want to burst into irrational tears. It was just so sweet of him, and so unexpected. It caught her off her guard and she wanted to kick herself for her weakness.

"Oh, you're talking about how distracted I was acting at the meeting, right? I'm fine now, though. Just a few…personal issues I have to deal with."

"Man troubles?" he asked with a teasing tilt to his sexy, full-bottomed lips. Allison swallowed down the urge to want to sink her teeth into that tempting bottom lip.

"Far from it. I'm unattached, Brand, if you must know," she said lightly, fidgeting with the corners of her files and hoping she didn't sound too goofily audacious. But then this was the first time he was showing any kind of personal attention to her; she was decidedly pink in the cheek and smiling like an idiot.

Allison thought of the last things that had been going through her mind when she appeared, and tried to keep eye contact with him and not stray down to his crotch, which was almost at her face level considering she was seated.

For a split-second, she wondered what it would be like to fuck Brand Wilcox. Just fuck him, with no thought to things going any further. To feel those capable looking, well-kept hands sliding over her naked body, to have his cock in her palms to stroke purposefully before guiding the throbbing thickness straight to the entrance of her waiting wetness…

"Now that's some information I could use," he murmured in reply to her last statement, his smile growing wider. Damn he had such a hot smile, she thought longingly, pressing her knees closer together. How could a man's

mere smile cause a moistness to spread over the cotton panel of her panties? Gosh she really needed to get a grip, soon. Or she'd be doing something crazy, like making a move on Brand Wilcox.

"Allison, I…" he began, but his words were broken off as the door to Mr. Mallory's office opened across the expanse of the reception area, and the older man appeared. "Ah, Brand, I was just about to send for you. Something came up and we need to rework some details of the Jefferson account."

"I'll be in your office in just a minute," Brand said calmly to Mr. Mallory, and Allison had to mentally applaud his coolness. Not that they'd been doing anything wrong or suspicious, but she'd been unable to hold back a guilty start when her boss had unexpectedly shown up seconds earlier.

Mr. Mallory disappeared, and she looked up questioningly at Brand, who paused. "Don't leave without having a word. We need to talk, Allison," he said meaningfully.

"We do?" she asked, eyes wide.

"Yes," he said firmly, and with one finger, he reached out and traced the side of her face. Allison's eyes closed briefly at that first, simple yet intimate contact. Then he was gone, striding away with that lithe, panther-like way of his.

Allison felt a dreamy sensation take over her. She couldn't have imagined Brand's look when he'd touched her face. The throb in his voice – she hadn't mistaken it either. Could he be into her? Damn, she hoped so – very deeply. So deep, in fact, that she had a sudden spark of an idea.

It was crazy, stupid and definitely inappropriate – but she was done being sensible. The adrenaline was pumping through her veins and she couldn't help the sense that she was on the verge of a very titivating, life-shaking experience.

Chapter 3

He found her waiting in his office when he opened the door.

Allison saw Brand's look of surprise, but it was only for a moment. Then he shut the door behind him – and she could swear he turned the key.

She squirmed in her perch on the edge of his desk. Her legs were crossed, making her skirt rise up, revealing the edges of her thigh highs. She was leaning back on her hands, which brought her generous C-up breasts into more prominence. She saw him take the whole scene in a flash.

"I was wondering where you got to," he murmured, placing the file he was holding on a nearby table before advancing into the spacious, cleanly decorated office. "I didn't find you at your desk and I was worried you'd forgotten I said we needed to talk."

"So let's talk," she said in a voice tinged with sensuality. She wondered if he could translate fuck-speak, because what she'd really meant was "let's screw". Oh well, he'd get the picture soon enough if he hadn't already.

"Allison," he worded, pausing as he stepped closer. She uncrossed her legs again, this time slowly. He had to have had a glimpse of her pink lace panties this time. However, he was such a hard man to read at the best of times.

"Brand," she returned, a mischievous curve on her lips. She loved it when he said her name.

He sighed deeply, and she thought he looked almost regretful for a second. Then he said, "I'm not going to be here for very long. The job, I mean. Soon, I'll be heading the Melbourne operations. I'm leaving."

"What?" she said choking up, the shock causing her to momentarily lapse out of her seductive pose.

"I was never meant to be here more than a few weeks anyway," he said casually. "I'm sort of like the fix-it guy, Allison. I go where I'm needed. But now I'm needed at the main office in Australia."

"So what happens now?" she asked with perfect calm, though her mind was in a whirl.

He started to move forward again, this time stopping just inches from her. "I didn't want it to be like this," he said softly, and she frowned slightly in confusion but let him continue. "I kept holding back because I wasn't sure if…"

"Sure what?" she asked softly, mesmerized by his voice and his closeness.

A slight shake of his head, and then she felt his hands on her knees. He pushed them apart and she gasped, her lips parting breathlessly as he settled in between them. Now she was so close to him that she just had to look up and their lips would touch.

"I have certain…needs," he said huskily, slanting his head to slope his face against her sensitive ear lobe. He inhaled deeply, raggedly. "I watched and wanted you these past weeks, never quite sure if you could really take me. All of me."

She shivered, turned on immensely just feeling his lips on her skin, his breath stirring the small hairs there. Fucking hell she wanted him, no matter what. Right there, in his office.

"I'm tougher than I look," she purred, slipping her fingers through his hair, sighing deeply at the sensation of silk. "And it's closing hours; everyone's probably gone by now. We could do this as hard, fast, rough as you like."

He groaned deeply into the base of her neck, and she felt her nipples harden of their own accord. Gosh she was so fucking horny for him.

"Allison, you don't know what you're saying," he said thickly. "But yes I like it rough, very rough. That's why I tried so hard to resist you all these months. I stayed on here as long as I could, wondering if I should make a move – knowing that I'll be making demands from you that you might not be able to handle. If we do this, baby, we'll do it my way."

"If your way's getting your cock buried deep in my pussy, then you can count me in," she said lustily, and felt his fingers dig deeper into her thighs.

"We'll see," he growled, and the next second, he seized her lips in a kiss.

Allison gasped, straining against him till her breasts felt crushed against his hard chest. His lips were firm yet giving, and she tugged on them hungrily, meshing tongue with tongue as the kiss deepened into something hot, heavy and thrilling.

"Yes baby," Brand rumbled, as Allison grew bolder, got sloppier with her tongue, swapping saliva like a fiend. "I like wet. And speaking of such…"

His hand moved underneath her skirt to rub against the panel of her panties. "Nice and wet," he said deeply in approval, his fingers pulling aside the fabric and touching her right where she wanted him to. She bucked into his hand, gasping out his name.

"Your breasts," he growled, sliding his fingers up and down her welcomingly moist slit. "I want to see them."

Dazed by the pleasure, the warmth, spreading over her from her pussy, she obeyed him by unbuttoning her shirt and then tugging down the cups of her bra. Her generous breasts sprung free, the pink nipples sticking out like stalks. She felt more than saw his smoldering gaze as he took in the sight of her thrust out boobs. With his free hand, he cupped one mound and squeezed hard. Allison had to bite on the moan that tore through her throat.

Brand lowered his head and covered one nipple in his mouth. Allison threw her head back, her mouth opening in a soundless scream. His tongue

rolled her nipple around in his mouth, before he snapped the firm nub in his teeth and pulled. That, coupled with his two fingers slipping past her folds to rock in and out of her, had stars bursting in her vision. Just like that, she'd mounted the edge. Any more of this torture and she knew she'd cum all over his probing fingers.

Brand was now rubbing his thumb furiously on her swollen clit, his two fingers thrusting violently in and out of her. A helpless shudder of ecstasy overcame her, and she didn't stand a chance. She felt *it* building, growing, till it almost shoved her off the precipice.

And then just like that, he withdrew his hand, making her let out a shocked breath as a void feeling washed over her for a moment. The sudden denial almost made her sob out loud in protest, only for the electric charge to get ramped up again from his teeth biting into her nipple. The pleasure-pain injected straight into her bloodstream, and she clutched helplessly at his broad shoulders.

"*Brand…*"

"Ssh," he said softly, lifting his head lifting from her breast as his hands reached down for his belt. Allison could only stare, licking her lips as she watched him unzip his fly, and then tug down the elastic waistband of his boxers. Her eyes widened as his cock sprung out, impressive in girth and length and at that moment, hardness. It looked almost purple in its stiffness, and she moaned as she detected the drops of precum at the tip. Her lips parted even wider, as the twitch within her vagina became almost unbearable.

"Touch me," he growled, staring straight at her face and the expression of awe on it. Needing no second bidding, she reached out both hands to grasp him firmly. She trembled at how good it felt to have his beautiful cock in her palms just like she'd fantasized. And damn he was so huge. Even with both hands gripping him hand over fist, there was still enough inches left to cover. She bit on her lip and wondered with a pang if she could take him.

As if reading her mind, he held both sides of her face and stared into her eyes. "You're tight, so tight…but you're also very wet, Allison. I can't wait to slam into you to the hilt till you can feel me in your kidney. You ready baby?"

"Yes," she said without thinking. Then to her surprise, he grabbed her by the hair, pulling hard so she had to clamber off her perch on the table. Without another word, he spun her round and then pushed her face down so that she was bending over the desk at the waist.

"I'll try to make this as quick – and thorough, as possible," she heard him say. There was no way to describe how the thudding of her heart, the pulsing of her pussy, and her naked breasts pressed unto the bare, hard desk, made her feel all in that moment. She was breathing like she was running the marathon, and from what she could hear, he was sounding pretty raspy himself.

She could feel the weight of his body on top of her for a moment, leaning over her back to whisper into her ear all the bad things he wanted to do to her. At the same time his hand was lifting up her skirt to her waist, exposing her

ass which he proceeded to fondle with firm caresses.

"I so much want to spank this gorgeous ass," he told her softly in her ear. "But right time, wrong place. Soon though, very soon…"

Allison let out a moan at the prospect of this happening again in the near future. She already couldn't wait.

His fingers, now three in number, slipped between her ass cheeks to her glistening sex. She grit her teeth as he stroked her up once more, causing a torrent of feminine juice to flow. If he didn't enter her now, she thought achingly, then she'd scream. To hell with anyone else hearing her.

He let go of her hair for a moment long enough for her to turn her head and look at him. Just catching another glimpse of his magnificent cock made her inner walls clinch in desperate anticipation. The next thing though, he was fisting her hair again and shoving her face down, cheek pressed into the hard surface. His fingers tugged hard and somewhat punishingly at her roots, which tingled with a not unpleasant sensation. She'd never been handled so roughly before but heck, she liked it. Loved how he took charge and used his strength to manoeuvre the way he wanted.

Brand's fingers retreated from her pussy, to be instantly replaced by his surging cock. He smacked into her deep, shoving easily past her slick entrance and into her suction-like velvet sheathe.

They both gasped, Allison with the unexpected force of his thrust. It was incredibly, almost unbearably blissful the way he filled and stretched out her snug canal. Her body trembled from the neck down at the sensation of a thorough intrusion. Deep, deep in her belly, she felt him begin to move.

Fuck, she heard him say – or was it just an echo of what she was thinking? Damn he felt so good buried inside her. She lay there trapped beneath him as he started up a hard pace, her cunt twitching helplessly around his thick, meaty pole. As promised, he sunk himself balls deep, each thrust drawing back to the tip before he slammed back in again, making volts of pain and pleasure zing through her system.

Now he had two hands in her hair, using her thick long locks as handlebars as he jerked her backwards, making her body arch as he made her turn her face to his lowering lips. With her face twisted to the side, he was able to capture her lips in a hard, possessive kiss as his hips moved in a forceful dance against her ass. There was a smack-smack-smack sound as he picked up rhythm, a rhythm she matched as she pushed back into him. She was lost in a maze of pleasure and now she didn't even care if anyone could hear the sounds they were making. This was pleasure, lust, passion. And it had never felt so good.

"You're fire, you know that?" he whispered against her mouth, but before she could gather her senses to reply, his hands came around to grab her tits. Her back was bent almost in half now, making her breasts fall readily into his palms. Taking each nipple in his thumb and forefinger, he pulled fiercely on

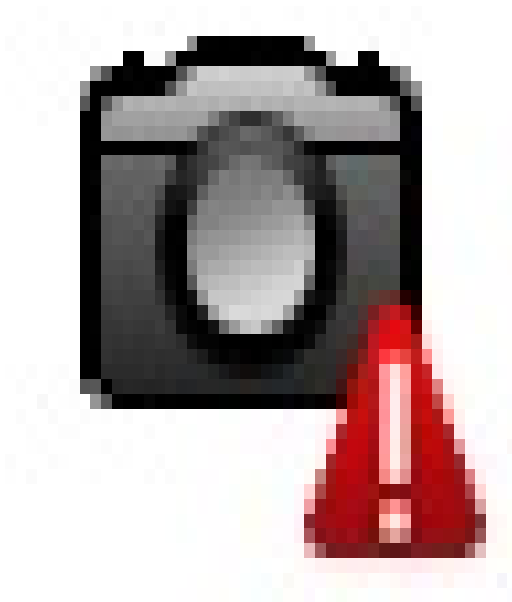
the thick nubs. This time Allison had to clamp on her tongue to keep from yelling out his name.

So many sensations were ripping through her frame: pleasure, ecstasy, delight, agony. So much all at the same time; almost too much. She was like jelly and it was a wonder what could be holding her together. All that seemed to matter was that thick long cock shafting in and out of her, hitting those magical spots she never even knew a man could reach.

She never wanted it to end, but she could feel the waves rising again. Allison knew she wasn't a long way from being immersed in the surge. Again and again he pounded her walls, his breath loud and harsh close to her ear. He released one breast to slide his hand down her front to underneath the raised folds of her skirt. There he detected her shaven sex mound, and he began to rub on her clit with his fingers. The strong, circular motions of his fingertips merged with the steady beat of his thrusts to bring her rapidly to completion.

Allison couldn't seem to stop shuddering, her back arching even more as spasms rocked through her pussy. She heard his breath hiss through his clenched teeth as he too, pumped his way to his crashing orgasm. It seemed so perfectly timed, even synchronized. Dazed, she let him hold her trembling body up against him as his hips surged once, twice, and then for the last time. His cock twitched inside her and she could feel his orgasm as if it was bursting through her body, filling every part of her body with ecstatic delight.

Moments past as Allison waited for the earth to right itself, her body slick with perspiration, her mind reeling. But somehow, she had a feeling nothing would be quite as it was ever again…



‘Bounds Of Passion’ is the first book in the exciting new ‘Bound’ series by Lucia Jordan

Lydia Westwood has the libido that can’t be calmed, and no one can satisfy her. Frustrated with the lack of pleasure she gets from her men, Lydia turns to the world of BDSM, and meets the handsome and mysterious Jack Riding, whose skills and expertise might just give Lydia the orgasm she’s craving, but at what cost?

See next page for a preview!

Jack Riding continued his assault on Lydia's clitoris and she cried out as her pleasure mounted. As she began to twitch with the start of an orgasmic wave, he let the riding crop fall and leaned over her naked back to whisper in her ear.

"Why did you join the website?"

"Because," she gasped. "Because no man has ever been able to make me come before he does when fucking me," she turned her head slightly. "Can you do it?"

"I can't promise anything," Jack replied with a smile. "Now, head down," he pushed her dark locks over her face and took a hold of her hips. "I like a challenge," he added, touching just the tip of his cock to her wetness. She tried to back into him and received a slap on her backside for her trouble. "Keep still," he snapped, and she fought to relax her limbs. Her legs, splayed apart with the restraint revealing and displaying their hidden treasures, which Jack pressed minutely against.

Lydia felt the amazingness of having a lover just touching her – resting his hot, pink glans against her entrance, but not actively seeking it. Her wetness mixed with Jack's pre-cum and they seemed to be joined in the heat of the moment.

Then, with barely any thrusting at all, Jack pressed inside her, slowly entering her passage, whilst all the time stroking her clitoris, gently, gently. Heat radiated all over Lydia's flesh and she felt the wounds Jack had given her glow with a strange mix of pleasure and pain, heightened by this welcome intrusion into her sex. She felt the glowing head of his cock pushing her sex open – making way for the long, thick shaft behind it. She felt, more keenly than before, the way her sex rippled and fluttered over the man's cock, tasting and touching every time morsel of it. It was more intimate than she had ever felt before.